

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 5

Shooting of deer, wild boar and rabbits driven by beaters out of the woods and compelled to cross an open space, was one of the amusements following the royal wedding which took place recently in Italy. Anything but amusing for the poor wild creatures.

A clergyman in England speaking against the heartless cruelties connected with fox hunting said what certain clergymen in this country might well say, "Whatever my brethren may think in private about cruelty to animals they certainly don't overdo it by expressing their feelings in public."

Unless Texas changes its law the mourning dove of that state will soon go the way of the wild pigeon of sixty and seventy years ago. Pot hunters are killing it off by the thousands. No wonder we often hear the words "our vanishing wild life." The "vanishing hunter" would please us far more.

The *Birmingham Post* is our authority for the statement that the "Government of Spain has issued a decree forbidding children under fourteen to attend bull-fights." The article in the *Post* says further that the decree is regarded as a severe blow to bull-fighting. The vested interests fought it bitterly.

Our congratulations to the S. P. C. A. at Cape Town, South Africa, upon the fine work they are doing. We recently filled an order from the Society for a hundred dollars' worth of attractive, colored posters, which we presume are to be used in the schools. Upon their prosecution of the lion-tamer who so mercilessly beat a sick lioness we also congratulate them as well as Mr. Julius Zscheyge, of the Pretoria S. P. C. A., who later took the lioness from the show people and humanely put it to sleep.

Alas, since writing the above we have learned of the sudden death of Mr. Zscheyge.

A Nation's Emblem

WHO of us is not familiar with the image of that king of birds, the bald eagle? It has been emblazoned on the standard of many a nation and since 1782, when chosen as our emblem, has held its honored place among us. Is the living bird itself to be to our children only a reproduction on coin or flag or seal? *The Nature Magazine* tells us it is only protected by inference in some thirty of our states, where the Audubon bird law has been adopted, and that the remaining states give it no protection or leave it entirely unprotected. Little by little we have suffered it to be the victim of the hunter too often proud of his skill to bring down this monarch of the air. In Alaska legislation has placed a bounty upon it on the plea that it claimed for itself too many fish and too much game. Since 1917, while this law has been in force, upwards of 50,000 of these great birds have been destroyed, the reward of the destroyer sometimes as little as twenty-five cents. But Alaska covers a vast area and so evident is it that the charge brought against the eagle has been beyond all reason that Congress is at last considering a bill to make the killing of the American eagle anywhere within the territorial limits of the United States illegal. *The Nature Magazine* concludes as follows:—

The destruction of certain birds and animals, on the plea that they are inimical to game birds or animals, or to other interests, but whose preservation from many points of view is desirable, is becoming much too common. Let us be more charitable toward the more interesting of our predatory birds and animals. At least let us refrain from killing our national bird for fifty cents or a dollar. If a few eagles have been standing in the way of Alaska's prosperity may we not hope that, with twelve years of destruction, the crisis has passed. Let us hold our national emblem not only on our banners and coins, but in our hearts.

The Farmer, the Horse, the Automobile

TODAY 52,905,000 acres are needed to supply the food for the horses and mules on our farms and in our cities. That is 18,492,500 fewer acres than were necessary for this purpose in 1920. Had the automobile and tractor not so largely displaced the horse and the mule, and had the use of horses and mules increased as the population has increased since 1900 (at that time we had one horse or mule to every 3.08 persons), there would have to be now 107,162,500 acres under cultivation to feed them. The farmers often forget this when they think of what they have gained by the automobile and the tractor.

After giving the details as to the over-production in grain, particularly in wheat, in the United States, the Horse Association of America says: What can be done to solve over-production in the United States?

Will city people and farmers give up their automobiles for driving horses?

No.

Will they stop using trucks?

No.

Then, what can be done?

Simply this—horses and mules can and should be used wherever and whenever they will do the work as well and as cheaply as substitutes. All short-haul, frequent-stop work in cities falls in this class; yet much of it is being done with motors, at higher cost. Here, horse and mule use should be increased.

The moving-picture is proving an even more powerful agency than the Jack London Club in putting an end to animal performances. The picture is a much cheaper form of amusement.

In England they call it Animal Welfare Week. This is our Be Kind to Animals Anniversary. Committees or local correspondents already in 152 places in England are now planning for its observance.

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary is over. Let us keep its spirit every week in the year.

A Word to the Wild

JAMES J. MONTAGUE in New York
Tribune

*There little muskrat, don't you cry;
You'll have a swell name by and by,
You may well puff up with pride,
For when you've died and when you're dyed,
To lovely ladies you'll appeal
For you'll be known as Hudson seal.*

*Hush little polecat, don't you mourn
Or curse the day that you were born.
I know that you don't greatly care
For either of the names you bear.
But when delivered in a box
You will be called a sable fox.*

*Tut! little rabbit, do not moan;
You may some day be widely known,
Not as the humble thing you were,
But as all sorts of stylish fur.
For in the lands that you'll inhabit,
There won't be such a word as rabbit.*

*And listen! little pussycat,
If you are wise, you'd better scat,
For that soft fuzzy little skin
Which you today are living in
And sits so snugly 'round your throat,
Would make a lovely leopard coat!*

The late Edward Breck was an experienced trapper as well as a seasoned anti-trap agitator. In his denunciation of that "inhuman instrument of torture" he said:

The trapping-laws of the great fur country are of little avail. It is perfectly futile to pass such as the one directing that traps be visited daily. Absolutely the only measure that will prevent the trapping of animals in steel-traps is an enforced law making all and any use of these inhuman instruments of torture illegal.

What shall be said of the morality of the trapping regulations of even the New England states, which allow trappers to torture animals only twenty-four hours?

It must be remembered that at present a large army of boys indulge in trapping on every possible occasion. They, and unfortunately a large proportion of older trappers, trap at any season they like, with the result that most of their pelts are useless. The fur trade itself and the Biological Survey agree that the extermination of fur-bearing animals lurks in the near future unless better laws, better enforced, are immediately forthcoming.

"The trade in skins will increase in volume until the needs of men coupled with the vanity of women have exhausted all the beasts upon the earth's surface. What will become of us then?" asks the *Fur World*. The traffickers in furs know full well how fast the steel trap is denuding the earth of its wild life. To conserve or not to conserve this rapidly disappearing heritage is the real question that should concern them. It is the question, too, that will be put to the voters of Massachusetts soon in the form of a REFERENDUM on the further use of the cruelly wasteful trap.

Governor Richards of South Carolina recently vetoed a bill which would revive the use of the steel trap in that state, and the legislature sustained his veto overwhelmingly.

The Case Against Magic Acts

ALFRED O. PHILIPP

versy, professional wrangling, accusations of plagiarism, etc.

Fred Keating has been performing this trick for the past thirteen years, and did much towards making it popular. And when Florenz Ziegfeld recently produced his new musical show, *Simple Simon*, he conceived the brilliant idea of having 24 chorus girls all performing this trick simultaneously. Keating was invited to produce this particular number, but refused on the ground that it would cheapen the noble art of magic. Ziegfeld went ahead and produced the number regardless. Keating went into conference with Jos. Bickerton, his N. Y. attorney. Other magicians, producers, etc., entered the fray. But—perhaps I had better explain how the trick is accomplished.

One act produces eight live ducks from an apparently empty tub. In reality the tub contains a false bottom, so shallow as to be imperceptible to the audience. I leave it to the reader to conceive the crushing necessary to squeeze eight live ducks into this narrow space.

At one time there was a popular magician who actually "palmed" a live canary. The digital dexterity of this man was positively amazing, and the effect of the feat was quite uncanny. Yet nothing could be less mysterious. The performer shows the live fluttering bird in his hand, a deft twirl of the wrist and the back of his hand is presented to view while the canary is concealed in his palm. His thumb is against the feathered breast. An adroit pressure, and the dead bird slips up his sleeve. Of course, it was necessary to kill a canary at every performance, but this man received quite a substantial salary, so it really didn't matter—to him.

A popular trick now being performed on the Americana stage by Blackstone, Keating, Dupree, etc., is the Vanishing Bird Cage illusion. The magician stands in the center of the stage, holding a bird cage in his hand. In the cage a canary is chirping and fluttering about. A slight forward movement of the performer's arms, and the cage and bird have mysteriously disappeared, as if vanished into the empty air. So popular and effective is this trick that it has recently become the subject of considerable contro-

The Vanishing Bird Cage trick may be purchased from a New York dealer in magical supplies for fifteen dollars. The illusion is based chiefly on the "lazy pull." "Lazy pull" is the professional term for a delicate and ingenious apparatus that operates on the same principle as the ordinary triple pulley-block, which is familiar to almost everyone. The tiny cord comes up the performer's back and down the arm of the coat, terminating in a powerful elastic "pull," where any object attached may be swiftly drawn up the sleeve by a very slight forward movement of the arms. A three-inch arm extension is equivalent to an eighteen-inch pull on the "lazy pull."

The cage is a beautifully constructed piece of apparatus. It collapses with lightning speed and folds amazingly compact, the crushed bird compressed inside of it, and the whole is swiftly drawn up the sleeve by the "lazy pull."

Relative to the above, here is a most significant paragraph from an extensive news item in a recent issue of *The Billboard*, America's leading theatrical trade paper:

"Ziegfeld is alleged to have insinuated in his wire that he would not be so inhumane as to kill a live bird in a trick, and that his girls are using mechanical birds. Keating, who has performed the trick with a live bird for 13 years, says that he does not kill it, despite accusations to the contrary."

I have expert professional testimony to the effect that this trick will kill the bird about nine times out of ten, and that any magician who incorporates this trick in his routine must carry an ample supply of birds, allowing himself a new canary for every performance.

Joseph Van Raalte, in his column "Bo Broadway," which appeared recently in the *Alexandria Gazette*, of Alexandria, Va., gives a most detailed exposé of the trick. I do not know where Mr. Van Raalte got his information, but the angry protests of a number of magicians leaves no doubt as to its accuracy. I submit the following descriptive paragraph, gleaned from Mr. Van Raalte's column:

"The cage is collapsible, made of wires, cloth and little rods which form the bars. The canary is genuine. When

(Continued on page 80)



Guns in Africa

ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN

*The cruel guns in Africa are shining in the sun,
The greedy, and the careless, the wicked,
and the bright;
The smoking guns in Africa, whose work
when it is done
Will give the beasts of Africa oblivion and
night.*

*The lion and the leopard, the buffalo, and
all;
Antelope and zebra, gorilla, boar, and gnu,
Have met the reckless hunters, and may see
the curtain fall,
Where once they roamed in thousands, on
the stricken and the few.*

*Call back the guns from Africa, lay hands
upon their power
To slaughter without mercy the beautiful
and free;
And in the Lord's last wilderness give Time
a little hour
To heal the reeking slaughter, and to set
His creatures free!*

A Persistent Muskrat

GEORGINA COLLINS

MOST of the wild animals are given credit for a remarkable instinct which protects them against their destroyers, but few are known to have a gift for friendship unless first tamed and allowed to forget their grievances against their enemy, man.

A farmer in Saskatchewan, Canada, tells of finding a muskrat in his garden one evening. He caught it and placed it in an empty tank with straw, a dish of water and a couple of carrots of which he had heard muskrats are fond. The next day he carried it in a bag to a slough three-quarters of a mile away in which there were other rats.

Next day his wife, upon going down cellar, noticed some half-eaten carrots on the steps and making an investigation found a muskrat sitting nearby. The farmer did not believe it could be the same rat, for he had carried it to the slough in a wagon and thought it unlikely it would find its way back. He fed the new visitor some more carrots and returned it to the same slough. Next day it was back again—or else one very like it—sitting in the corner of the cellar. To make sure the farmer decided to mark it but being busy he merely drove a quarter of a mile from the house, left the muskrat there, and blocked up the hole under the side of the house.

In a short time the muskrat was back again, had scratched the dirt away and had gone into the cellar. The man did not get a chance to take him back to his native haunts for two more days. When he did, he clipped some hair off the animal to distinguish him. Two hours later he was back again, the very same rat.

We are not told how the patient muskrat was rewarded for his persistent efforts toward friendship but I am sure that the busy farmer showed enough kindness to justify our surmise that the muskrat became the family pet.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

"Forward, Beda, Forward"

HELEN E. REYNOLDS

BEDA" is an educated German shepherd dog—not just trained to obey commands but really educated, for Beda refuses to follow orders unless the safety of her mistress is assured by obedience.

Mrs. Blanche Eddy of Berkeley, California, is totally blind and Beda acts as both guard and guide for her. For many years Mrs. Eddy was dependent upon other persons to guide her to places she wanted to go and to keep her out of danger. Now with the loving assistance of Beda she is free to journey about with absolute confidence that she

sightless owners taught as well to understand the movements of the dogs, she at once decided to go there and obtain for herself the joy and independence such an animal could give.

After spending three weeks at the school in Nashville, Mrs. Eddy returned to her home in Berkeley with Beda who now accompanies her everywhere.

Beda wears the specially constructed harness shown in one of the accompanying photographs and her mistress has learned to interpret every movement through the super-sensitive fingers possessed by a sightless person.

Beda understands such commands as "Forward," "Check," "Right," or "Left," but she only obeys when the way is clear for her mistress to follow. The watchful animal always endeavors to get between her charge and any possible danger such as an automobile, and makes a wide detour around any object in their path. At the edge of every curb she comes to a halt to let her mistress know there is a step to be negotiated.

When they cross a busy street Mrs. Eddy gets the direction of traffic by the sound and when the signal rings orders the dog "Forward." If the traffic is clear Beda goes; otherwise she stands immovable and no amount of urging, no repeated commands of "Forward, Beda, forward" have any effect until the crossing is safely open.

If Mrs. Eddy drops any article such as her glove or cane, Beda stops all other business and retrieves.

No matter where the mistress goes, her faithful companion refuses to be separated from her. Sometimes a restaurant manager thinks the dog should remain outside the door but unless Beda can lie under the table during the meal Mrs. Eddy must seek another place to eat. On train journeys dogs are usually expected to ride in the baggage car but not so for Beda; she must be treated as a regular passenger in the coach. Sometimes it takes a good deal of discussion to persuade trainmen that this is as it should be, but in the end Beda travels with her charge.

Beda is a very modest, business-like, young lady. She doesn't jump all over her human friends when she meets them nor try to lick their faces. Neither does she dig up the garden to find a place to bury bones, nor make playthings out of the possessions of people with whom she is associated. Her time is too much taken up with great responsibilities and duties to indulge in such frivolities.

A dumb animal? Well, yes, as far as human language is concerned, but the idea that dogs can't think is certainly disproved in a most positive way by Beda and her kind!



"BEDA" GUIDES HER MISTRESS AROUND A BOX CARELESSLY LEFT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIDEWALK

will be kept out of harm's way.

In Europe many dogs are performing a service similar to Beda's but there are only a very few in the United States which have been taught to take charge of the physical welfare of a blind person. A great many of those in European countries are faithfully serving men who lost their sight in military service during the World War.

When Mrs. Eddy heard that there was located in Nashville, Tennessee, an institution called the "School of the Seeing Eye" where dogs were taught to watch over the steps of a blind master or mistress, and the

Goat Dogs and Their Training

ORAN WARDER NOLEN

IN the brush country of Southwest Texas a great many goats are raised on the ranches. As the country is badly infested with wolves, coyotes, and panthers, the ranchmen have to take unusual precautions to protect their flocks.

If the number of goats is sufficient to warrant having a herder, a Mexican is employed to stay with the goats day and night. Sometimes the herder will not see a house for days. He stays out on the vast, brush-covered ranges with the herd and his food and supplies are brought to him by the ranchman. The herder nearly always has one or more dogs to assist him in his work, for it has been said that one good, well-trained dog can do more work than five men in handling a flock.

On ranches where the herd of goats is not large enough to make it profitable to employ a herder, trained dogs are used to tend the flock, and these dogs are invaluable to the ranchman. They permit men to have goats who are unable to possess large flocks and who cannot afford to herd them or hire some one to do it.

The training of these goat dogs is unusual. The young puppies of good goat-herding dogs are taken from the mother when just a few days old and transferred to a goat pen. Nannie goats are caught and the puppies are permitted to derive their nourishment from them. The nannie goats sometimes do not like that and they will butt the little puppies away if they are not held.

The ranchman never permits the puppy in training to leave the pen at all. When the goats are turned out on the range each morning the little dog has to remain in the pen with the kids, and as he grows older his diet of goat milk is supplemented with food from the ranch kitchen.

When he finally becomes old enough to go with the herd he is turned out with the flock and goes out on the range with them. He is then a full-fledged goat dog and his duty is to stay with them day after day and guard them from any predatory animals.

These goat dogs are very jealous in their care of the flock and will never stray away

from the herd or associate with other dogs. They will fearlessly attack anything that menaces their charges and it is practically impossible for a wild animal to kill one of the herd as long as the goat dog is with them.

The writer was once employed on a ranch where a dog was used to herd the goats. One day I was riding along a fence inspecting it and came upon a young goat fastened in the wire. I got off my horse and commenced to release the goat. The frightened animal began to bleat and suddenly a noise in the brush caused me to look behind. Racing madly up, with teeth showing and hair erect, the herd dog was coming to the assistance of the young goat. As soon as the dog recognized me, he instantly subsided and stood by until the goat was released, then took his charge back to the herd.

There is no more faithful record of any performance than that of the work of these goat dogs. They not only battle against wild animals, but will never desert the flock no matter how bitterly cold the weather may be in the winter. Through rain, sleet and snow they faithfully follow their flock all day long on the range, lonely and isolated from the comradeship of their kind, yet unwavering in their watchfulness and jealous guardianship of the goats entrusted to their care.

Real "Horse Sense"

To the Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*:

When I was a boy about eighteen years old I was passing a watering trough at the side of a country road where a man with a farm wagon had stopped to water his horse.

The horse sniffed of the water which had greenish scum floating on the surface. Then he stuck his nose deep under the surface, evidently to get a purer and cooler drink. But he did not seem at all satisfied with what he was getting.

Finally, he deliberately took in his mouth the spigot which stuck out from the post about five inches and did not let go until he had filled himself up. I thought this showed real "horse sense." E. P.

The Annual Dog Feud

MARY ELIZABETH BOUCK

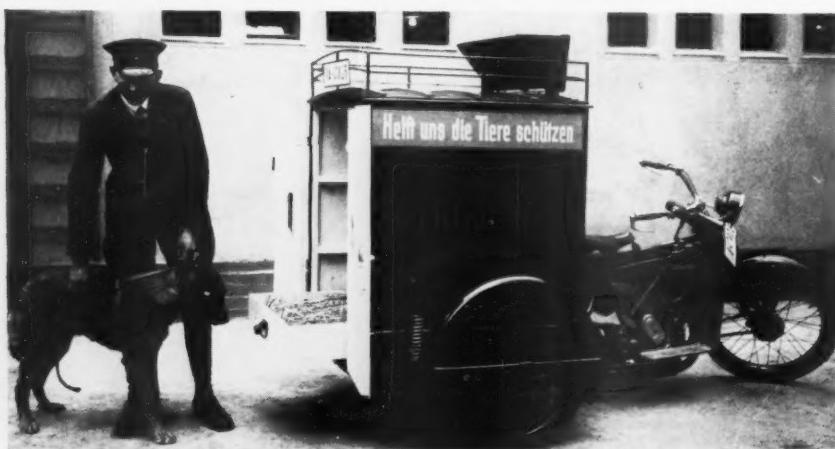
SPRING is at hand, and with it, the annual dog feud looms in the offing. Just why it should break out at this particular time each year is hard to say. Surely, the dogs are no different at one time than at another. It must be the gardens. It is a real feud, too; even going so far in some places as to attract newspaper notoriety. And "there is much to be said on both sides."

There is "Jiggs." He is the pest of the neighborhood. No dog fancier could possibly guess his pedigree, but he is dear to Buddy Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Smith don't know anything about dogs. They got Jiggs because they believed every boy should have a pet, and, having got him, they intend to keep him in spite of the neighbors. Jiggs runs all around town, following people who pass along the street and sometimes even jumping on them, much to their disgust and rage if he happens to be wet or dirty. He strews his "toys"—tin cans, sticks, etc.—over the lawns. He tracks the porches with his muddy feet. He buries his old bones wherever the ground has been freshly dug up for planting, oftentimes unearthing precious bulbs or seeds in the process. He lies in the newly-made flower beds, crushing the tender shoots that have just appeared or breaking off the taller stalks. If the people complain, the Smiths resent it and say, "Why, all puppies do such things!" Some day, perhaps, someone will give Jiggs what is popularly known as a "dog button," thus incurring the Smiths' enmity for life and grieving little Buddy. And, after all, why punish the dog? Is he really to blame? Browns have a puppy too, but she never leaves their yard and its isn't fenced either. All her digging and tearing up she does at home. When she first came she used to follow people as Jiggs does; but every time she left the yard Mrs. Brown chastised her severely with a newspaper! So now "Judy" stays at home. Jiggs could have been made to do the same thing had he been taken in hand in time; but with a dog, as with a child, it is hard to break a habit, even a bad one, if it has become firmly established.

It is too bad to allow enmity to exist between people who might otherwise be friends, just on account of a few flowers or a dog. Yet this condition will continue until a truce is made. And it rests with us, the dog owners, to make the first move. The dog—if he is worth the name—can be taught. He learns other things, why not that? You'll find him willing to do his part when he knows what is expected of him. Train him as you would your child and there will be peace and harmony in the neighborhood no matter how many dogs and gardens there are.

Millions of Domestic Animals

According to statistics published by the United States Department of Agriculture, there were in this country on January 1, 1929, 55,751,000 cattle, 54,956,000 hogs, 47,171,000 sheep, 14,029,000 horses, and 5,447,000 mules. Here is a total of 177,354,000 farm animals alone which, added to the unestimated number of dogs, cats, etc., indicates something of the size of the population for which the animal protection societies of the United States are at work.



FIRST AID FOR INJURED DOGS IN BERLIN

The modern motorcycle ambulance is now to be seen on the streets of Berlin and other European cities on its way to respond to a call for help for an injured dog or to take the animal to the hospital. This innovation is proving its worth every day. The outfit is also used in taking sick dogs from homes.

The Homily of the Humble Hen

EDWARD E. WHITING

THE hen is a humble animal. She has no padded mat placed beside the fire, where she may sleep and dream; nor would she use it if she had. She never goes romping across the fields or through the woods with her master; and she would scorn to waste time so. No one comes to her each morning and smoothes out her feathers, and pats her, in a neat stall; and she would wonder what foolishness it was, if anyone tried it. The hen, if she spends any time thinking about anything except her hen affairs, very likely thinks the cat is lazy, the dog is silly and the horse is vain. Ridiculed, looked down upon by many except as she is a utility, the hen has that prize common sense, that she attends strictly to her own business.

The hen is one of the things we take for granted. City folks don't see much of her. They buy eggs and find them satisfactory or otherwise, and when the eggs are fresh the hen gets no credit for that, and when they are stale the hen gets no blame. She is a producer of breakfast eggs and food. Who ever thinks of a hen as a pet? Who thinks of her as an animal, in the way we think of cats and dogs and horses—and even cows and sheep and pigs?

A few days ago a speaker at the Massachusetts Agricultural College said that a hen if properly cared for might return her owner a profit of about \$2 a year. So prosperity is just simple arithmetic—multiply the number of hens by two, and there's your income. One hen, \$2. One thousand hens, \$2,000. And so on. Poultry raisers may say it does not work out as simply as that. Maybe not. But anyway, we rarely see any mention of the hen except like that—as a money-maker for someone.

But the hen was one of the earliest factors in the long battle of humanity against brutality. One of the earliest lessons in forbearance and humaneness is found in an "anecdote" which appeared in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* of England, in 1749. It was inspired by revulsion against an old brutal custom of Shrove Tuesday, when it was the way of the countryfolk—or some of them—to tie a hen to a stake and hurl missiles at her until she was dead. A variation was to hang an unfortunate hen about a man's neck, and to place also bells about him, and then let him be chased about by men blindfolded and armed with switches, who sought to kill the hen, while the man with the hen hung about his neck sought to escape punishment. This horrible old custom was called "threshing the fat hen."

There used to be many similarly brutal customs. Thank God they have for the most part died out among civilized people. It was in early protest, nearly two hundred years ago, that the story is told in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. The tale is that on a Shrove Tuesday in Staffordshire a hen was thus set up at a stake, to be thrown at by its owner and his companions. The story goes:

"This poor hen . . . to the unspeakable surprise and astonishment of all the company, just as her master was handling his oaken cudgel to fling at her again, opened her mouth and said:

"Hold thy hand a moment, hard-hearted wretch! if it be for but curiosity, to hear one of my feathered tribe utter articulate sounds. What art thou, or any of thy comrades, better than I, though bigger and stronger, and at liberty, while I am tied by the leg? What art thou, I say, that I may not presume to reason with thee, though thou never reasonest with thyself? What have I done to deserve the treatment I have suffered this day, from thee and thy barbarous companions? Whom have I ever injured?

"Did I ever profane the name of my creator, or give one moment's disquiet to any creature under heaven? or lie, or deceive, or slander, or rob my fellow-creatures? Did I ever guzzle down what should have been for the support and comfort of a wife and innocent children, as thou dost every week of thy life?

"A little of thy superfluous grain, or the sweeping of thy cupboard, and the parings of thy cheese, moistened with the dew of heaven, was all I had, or desired, for my support; while, in return, I furnished thy table with dainties. The tender brood which I hatched with assiduity, and all the anxiety and solicitude of a humane mother, fell a sacrifice to thy gluttony. My new-laid eggs enriched thy pancakes, puddings and custards; and all thy most delicious fare. And I was ready myself, at any time, to lay down my life to support thine but the third part of a day. . . .

"I speak not thus to move thy compassion, who hast none for thy own offspring, or for the wife of thy bosom, nor to prolong my own life, which through thy most brutal usage of me is past recovery, and a burden to me; nor yet to teach thee humanity for the future. I know thee to have neither a head, a heart nor a hand to show mercy; neither brains, nor bowels, nor grace, to hearken to reason, or to restrain thee from thy folly.

"I appeal from thy cruel and relentless heart to a future judgment; certainly there will be one some time, when the meanest creature of God shall have justice done it, even against proud and savage man, its lord; and surely our cause will then be heard, since, at present, we have none to judge betwixt us.

"O, that some good Christian would cause this my first, and last speech to be printed, and published through the nation. Perhaps the legislature may not think it beneath them to take our sad case into consideration. Who can tell but some faint remains of common sense among the vulgar themselves, may be excited by a suffering,

dying fellow-creature's last words, to find out a more good-natured exercise for their youth, than this which hardens their hearts, and taints their morals?

"But I find myself spent with speaking. And now, villain, take good aim, let fly thy truncheon, and despatch at one manly



FRIENDLY LEGHORNS

stroke the remaining life of a miserable mortal, who is utterly unable to resist, or fly from thee.'

"Alas, he heeded not. She sunk down, and died immediately, without another blow. Reader, farewell! but learn compassion towards an innocent creature, that has, at least, as quick a sense of pain as thyself."

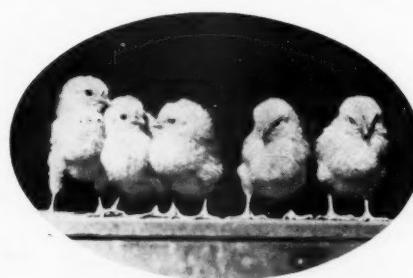
Now, that was written, and printed, nearly two centuries ago; and its English style is stilted. But some fine person wrote it; and here it bobs up again after these years. And so the hen served to sharpen the protest against cruelty.

If civilization has brought some perils and some vices, it has grown greatly in mercy to animals, and it was protests such as this from the old English *Gentlemen's Magazine* which kept the progress going.

The hen is a humble animal, and not often a pet. But she is homely in an old-fashioned sense—she is one of the home things. The rooster cries in triumph to greet the dawn of a new day. The hens come running to the back door as the pan of grain is brought out. They roost, close to one another, in the night, and now and then one may hear among them a soft cluck in the darkness. Those who raise hens grow to love them.

If humankind were so honest as the hen maybe we'd have fewer human problems.

The importance of clean, fresh water for chicks cannot be over emphasized. In very hot weather fresh water, placed in the shade, should be given to them at least twice a day. Always keep water pans clean.



Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1930

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Horses in America

MR. JAMES W. GIDLEY, of the United States National Museum, has this to say about the horses of America's far-off days:

When America was explored by the Spaniards, it was found to be horseless. But in the Pleistocene Age, just preceding our own, there was an abundance of steeds roaming over the continents of North and South America. These were of modern type, similar in appearance to our own horses. The preceding Pliocene and Miocene epochs yield many varieties of horseflesh, but these were small in size, and usually had three toes. The Oligocene epoch, still earlier, produced horses of the size of a shepherd dog or even smaller. These, too, had three toes, while the preceding Eocene horses had four toes in front, and eyes midway between their ears and the tips of their noses.

The oldest horse of all, called the Eohippus or dawn horse, was fox-sized. He was four-toed. No five-toed specimens have yet been found; but "some of these little four-toed ones have in the foot an extra, small bone of splint-like shape that can only be interpreted as meaning that their ancestors, none of which have yet been found, had the full complement of five toes, the primitive number for all back-boned animals," says Mr. Gidley in conclusion.

Man's Blood Lust

The "most senseless and atrocious" slaughter of wild animals that has, perhaps, ever occurred. Thus does at least one Wyoming newspaper describe the killing that attended the six-day open season on prong-horned antelope in certain counties in Wyoming during the past fall. Sportsmen, if thus they be styled, drove in high-powered cars into the herds of animals, shooting them down from all sides. Many of the antelope encountered blood lust in man for the first time. They ran wildly in circles, then attempted escape, only to be mercilessly followed and butchered. Through the streets of Cody, Medicine Bow and other cities flowed hundreds of cars containing the carcasses of these animals, driven proudly by these so-called sportsmen.

The prong-horned antelope is the sole representative of its family, found nowhere else than in North America, a fact that should be a powerful argument for its preservation.

—*Nature Magazine*

The University and the Rodeo

IT seems incredible, but the University of Kansas is planning for a rodeo as a means of getting money to improve its football field. Alas for the University and for the State of Kansas, if, paying no heed to the protests of humane organizations and lovers of animals, this disgraceful affair takes place.

We have written to Vice-President Curtis and also to Senator Arthur Capper in the hope that they would use their influence to prevent carrying out the plan. This show is announced for Good Friday night. What more could the University do to add to its disregard for the finer feelings of the better citizens as well as for the judgment of the members of the hundreds of humane societies of the country and those hundreds of thousands of individual opponents of these demoralizing and degrading exhibitions?

A Letter from the Late Dr. George A. Gordon

It was Dr. Gordon, now of tender, gracious and blessed memory, who so gladly came and offered the dedicatory prayer at the opening of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. His interest in our work never ceased. Just a year ago he wrote us a letter, a sentence or two of which we want our readers to see. Such words coming from such a man, scholar, thinker, preacher, and intellectual and spiritual leader, with but few, if any, peers in the land, must mean much to all who are interested in our cause.

"Dear Dr. Rowley,

I feel it to be an honor to belong to your Society. It is altogether in line with the chief interests of my life. The whole plea of my ministry was in the recognition of the humanity, the divine humanity, of God toward men. Your plea in your present position is in the recognition of the humanity of man toward the lower animals. Thus you see we are brothers in the same great interests. I rejoice in the merciful work you are doing."

Berlin S. P. C. A. Honors Writer

Bengt Berg, the great Swedish explorer of birds' haunts and habits and writer of numerous delightful books about his travels, has just received two honors in appreciation of his work: the honorary membership and the gold pin of the Berlin Tierschutzverein (S. P. C. A.) and the Perner medal, which is the highest distinction the German S. P. C. A. has to bestow and which has not been awarded for fifteen years. Perner was a Bavarian, born late in the eighteenth century, who devoted himself to the welfare of animals and started the S. P. C. A. in Germany after English models. He founded a society in Munich against cruelty to animals as early as 1842 and, later on, divided the sum of 70,000 gulden, or florins, between Germany and Austria for the upkeep of their respective S. P. C. A.'s. In acknowledgment of this generous act the city of Vienna and the principality of Reuss founded the gold Perner medal. Bengt Berg, surely a worthy recipient of these honors, has declared his willingness to accept them.

—*Christian Science Monitor*

To Spend \$1,600,000

THIS is what Massachusetts is being urged to spend for war memorials. Mr. Edwin D. Mead has written a strong pamphlet against this proposal. To us his argument seems so convincing that we wonder how thoughtful men and women can fail to feel its force. "If the State," says Mr. Mead, "has \$1,600,000 to spend for monuments, it can spend it better. I respectfully suggest that one-half of that amount be devoted to a noble monument to Winthrop and the Founders of Massachusetts, which all thoughtful Tercentenary workers unite in urging, a monument as noble as the great Reformation monuments at Worms and Geneva; and that the other half be devoted to a Massachusetts monument to Washington, to be dedicated at our commemoration of the Washington Bi-centenary in 1932." "It is time," he also says, "to look forward and not back, to forget the past's bloodstained tragedies and swing wide the future's portals of humanity and hope." Personally, we never had much use for monuments, too many, as monuments go, are sad sights to look upon. To build a public library or a home for some great charity, that is the sort of monument a man might, as it seems to us, be glad to have erected in his memory.

To spend \$1,600,000 to commemorate wars! Wars, the result of man's stupidity, greed, lust for power, this is what they generally are. They have meant sorrow, woe, crimes too black to name, and death in almost every form of agony. Do we object to war monuments because we have no regard for the men whose lives war has taken, sweeping them down as scorching siroccos have swept to the earth vast fields of yellow grain? No. All honor to every man living or dead who has held life cheap when his country called him to her defense. But unless we are wholly mistaken, the soldiers of America, living and dead, would much prefer to see monuments erected in the name of peace rather than in the name of war. For one hero of peace a hundred shafts have been reared for the heroes of war. We shall some day become as tired of wars as Emerson once said God was of kings.

A Significant Lawsuit

We wrote in a previous issue of a suit for 30,000 francs instituted by a mining company in Belgium against a group of miners who made public the cruelties inflicted on the horses used in the mine. This case promises to be of wide interest. Maitre Lespine, of Paris, and Justizrat Fraenkl, of Berlin, both great defenders of animals, have offered gratuitously their services to defend the miners. *The Animals' Friend*, London, says, "These miners are really magnificent, and the work they have done during the last three years in the mines is incredible." It continues: "These men spend their lives toiling underground for their living, and in their brief hours above ground they work and plead for the dumb comrades who never come up into the light of day. These men depend for their daily bread on their employment, and they risk, and some have lost, that employment for the defense of ill-treated horses."

Lady, why wear furs in summer?



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	10,600
Cases investigated	775
Animals examined	4,163
Number of prosecutions	6
Number of convictions	6
Horses taken from work	47
Horses humanely put to sleep	45
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,166
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	24,094
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	44

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Miss Electa Lilian Goodman of Lenox, Kathleen D. Spurr of Worcester, and Clara F. Gay of Norwood.

April 8, 1930.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a plate marked with the name of the donor. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Ass't Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered	587
Dogs	430
Cats	141
Horses	10
Birds	2
Goats	2
Rabbit	1
Honey-bear	1
Operations	573
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915	87,024
Dispensary Cases	173,958
Total	260,982

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in March

For driving a galled horse defendant was convicted and the case filed on his payment of \$10 costs.

Cruelly beating two dogs by shooting and injuring same, plea of *nolo*, fine \$35.

Stoning dog, destroying one eye, \$35 fine.

Failing to stop after running over dog and thus subjecting him to unnecessary cruelty and suffering, plea of *nolo*, fine \$35.

Cruelly beating dog by stoning, \$5 fine.

Authorizing and permitting a dog to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty, plea of *nolo*, fine \$30.

Special School Lectures

Under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Mr. L. R. Talbot has been giving a series of illustrated lectures on animals and birds, in high schools and before Boy Scouts in various parts of the state. Up to April 1, sixteen of these addresses were given in twelve cities and towns before audiences aggregating 3,495. The head-master of a Boston school spoke of Mr. Talbot's effort as "the most instructive lecture we ever had." High schools or Boy Scout organizations in Massachusetts, desiring to avail themselves of these lectures, which are furnished free, should address the Society at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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The International Conference for the Investigation of Vivisection introduced in Congress last December, a bill to prohibit experiments upon dogs in the District of Columbia. On March 31, there was a hearing of the bill before the sub-committee of the District of Columbia Committee in charge of the bill.

Prize Contests Close May 15

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary Poems and Cartoons Now Due

FOR the best original, unpublished poem of not more than thirty-two lines, promoting the objects of the national Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, submitted not later than May 15, 1930, *Our Dumb Animals* will pay a cash prize of \$50; and for the second best, a cash prize of \$25. All entries must be addressed to "Prize Poetry Contest" or the MSS. will be treated as regular offerings and not entered in competition.

For the best cartoon illustrating kindness to animals, published in any periodical during March, April or to May 15, 1930, the American Humane Education Society will pay a cash prize of \$50; and for the second best, a cash prize of \$25.

See the March number of *Our Dumb Animals* for conditions governing these contests. Address all communications to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Partitions for Stock-Cars

A new invention designed to expedite the partitioning of live-stock in railway stock-cars is brought to our attention by Dr. A. E. Frederick of Sparta, Wisconsin, for many years humane officer for that state.

The invention provides for easy adjustment of the partitions so that spaces of any desired size may easily be provided in stock-cars. The arrangement becomes a permanent fixture in every stock-car in which it is used, is of little expense, and can be used for many years, in fact, practically for the life of the car.

Shippers of live-stock are enthusiastic over the invention, and it is believed that the railroads of the country would generally adopt this idea for use in their stock-cars if urged by the humane societies of the country. Much suffering and loss of live-stock is prevented where different kinds of animals are properly partitioned off during shipment.

The invention has been patented by Frank Rommel and is U. S. Patent No. 1,700,646.

A constant supply of clean, fresh water is necessary for all domestic animals at all seasons of the year.



Courtesy of *The Ayrshire Digest*
HEIFERS OWNED BY STONE & WOODMAN, BROOK HILL FARM, TILTON, N. H.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Appreciation from Japan

From the Kobe Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Japan, comes this interesting note:

"Your magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, is, I can assure you, much appreciated here, and of great use, and I hope you will be good enough to continue to send it to us. Our secretary, a Japanese, is a very keen worker, and he tells me that he always reads all the magazine, and often finds much in it to help him in his work in the schools, etc. Our great object is to get the Japanese more interested in humane work, and eventually to hand over the complete control to what we hope will some day be a National Humane Society. In the past it has always been in foreign hands, and it is a slow process to interest the Japanese public. But most of us feel that future success and indeed continuance of the effort, lies in this direction."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Sea-Birds Perishing in Oily Waters

THE pollution of New England coastal waters by the promiscuous dumping of fuel oil has become a most serious menace to bird life. It rests upon federal authorities to prevent as much as possible this growing nuisance which is entailing wholesale slaughter to wild fowl and shore birds. Dr. John B. May, ornithologist of Massachusetts, describes conditions along our coast in a recent bulletin as follows:

The destruction of water-fowl by oil along our coasts is an extremely important factor in the numbers of our sea-birds. A trip along shore at Scituate or Duxbury or at any point in Barnstable, Dukes or Nantucket Counties will reveal numbers of birds killed by oil or in a pitiable condition from its effects. Dozens of our beautiful eider ducks, which because of their rarity have been under international protection for some years, are dying at Chatham, while from other points come reports of all three species of scoters, of oldsquaws, golden-eyes, scaups and other ducks which have been destroyed by the illegal dumping of fuel oil on coastal waters. The greatest mortality, however, is reported from the region near Block Island and was caused by the wreck of the steamer "Edward Luckenbach." Literally thousands of birds are reported as dead or dying from this island and the nearby shores of Long Island, New York and the mainland of Connecticut and Rhode Island. In addition to Canada geese and various ducks, Miss Elizabeth Dickens, an experienced observer at Block Island, reported dovekeys, razor-billed auks, puffins, loons, grebes, gannets, and Iceland, great black-backed and herring gulls among those which she personally examined. She noted seventeen species, totalling hundreds of birds. Newspapers reported the dumping of 5,000 gallons of fuel oil off Nantasket Beach from a stranded fisherman. The War Department engineers in charge of enforcement of the existing laws relating to dumping of oil, according to reports, state that they have received no complaints of the oil conditions in Massachusetts waters, so we suggest that anyone with information on this subject take it up with the engineers. The Boston office covers Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts as far as Nauset Beach, while the Providence office takes the south side of Cape Cod, and Rhode Island. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Association is taking steps regarding this oil menace, as are the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Audubon Societies and the National Association of Audubon Societies, while at Chatham a school bird club has been organized to carry on local rescue methods. While wrecks are classed as "acts of Providence" there is undoubtedly much illegal dumping of oil, which should be stopped.

F. Rivers Barnwell, lecturer to Negroes of the Texas Public Health Association, Austin, and field worker of the American Humane Education Society, has been appointed to serve on the technical advisory sub-committee on Negro schools which is a part of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection under the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Barnwell has been director of Negro Health Week conducted annually by that association.

The Boy in Court

J. J. KELSO, Toronto, Ont.

IT should be the aim of a Juvenile Court Judge to devise punishments that are normal and educational and that will be of lasting benefit, without engendering hatred and revenge. An added task, the memorization of some verses or the doing of some special service for others, would be a truly homeopathic remedy, restoring and healing in the most natural way.

A boy who had been exceedingly cruel to a cat was required by a Juvenile Court Judge to prepare and write out several essays on "Kindness to Animals," and before he got through he was fit to take a position in the Humane Society.

"Making the punishment fit the crime," or rather the delinquent, is a special department that all teachers of the young should carefully study from the psychic standpoint. Often a serious misdemeanor on the part of a boy marks the turning point of his career for good or bad, and not seldom is it the case that a criminal will refer to the injustice and cruelty of his early treatment as a justification for the lawless life he has been leading.

An Eyeless Dog

February 4, 1930

Dear Editor:—

I have just read the article in *Our Dumb Animals* entitled "The Eye Dog Blessing," and it recalled to my mind a rather interesting case where a blind dog acted as protector for his young mistress who had a pair of perfectly good eyes.

The dog was a collie, and ever since an injury by automobile had been blind. When I heard about him first he was rather old, but aside from his blindness had no particular signs of old age. It was as he had gotten older, however, that he developed an abnormally keen sense of protection for his twelve-year-old mistress. When she went out walking he was ever at her side, and even when he wandered off a way, at the first sound of a pedestrian coming towards them, he hurried back and placed himself close beside his mistress and between her and the stranger. When they were crossing the street, he crowded close beside her, and often when an especially noisy automobile or truck was coming, he would step in front of her before she stepped off the curb, to keep her from crossing before the truck had passed. Blind though he was, he acted as alert and all-seeing as any dog with normal sight.

The "Eyedogs" who protect and guide the blind are wonderful and deserving of high praise, but this "eyeless dog," who loved and guarded his little mistress is, to my mind, an example of one who attained the greatest heights that a dog can hope to reach. Blindly he served, and the love of his mistress and the trust she put in him were all the reward he asked. It never entered his head that his mistress could see and avoid strangers and fearsome auto-cars with perfect ease. He considered her wholly dependent on him, and to the day of his death he never failed her.

ELEANOR S. MANN

When I give poor dumb animals my cares,
Let all men know I've said my prayers.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

The Catnip Hour

HENRY A. PERSHING

*When the stars begin to twinkle
And the sun is sinking low,
And the moonlight gently falls upon
The earth all white with snow,
Tis then our pussy hies him home,
When the night begins to lower,
And sits and dreams by the fireside warm,
Awaiting the catnip hour.*

*He knows that below in the cellar,
Great stores of his favorite weed
Are hanging from rafter and ceiling,
Enough for his winter's need.
And the fragrance thereof fills his nostrils
From each tiny stem and flower,
As with paws folded under and dreaming
He waits for the catnip hour.*

*He knows when the day is a-dying
And the bedtime hour draws nigh
When the night winds blow and the fire
burns low,
He knows full well that bye-and-bye
He will revel and roll in his glory
'Neath the spell of that silent power
That resistlessly charms, as the daylight
Gives way to the catnip hour.*

*He listens—his master's footsteps
Are mounting the cellar stair
With his hands all full of the fragrant
leaves,
With the scent of them everywhere.
He is feasting now and happy
As a prince in a fairy bower,
And, dozing, he lies with closed eyes
As he dreams of his catnip hour.*

Bishop's Tribute to His Dog

The Bishop of St. Albans, England, Dr. Michael Furze, has sustained a great loss by the death of his dog "Peter," says a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. In a letter to the diocese the Bishop writes:—

"I cannot close without a word about a dear friend of some fourteen years' standing who has now passed on. There are, I think, few parishes in the diocese which our dog, Peter, did not visit. The last year or so he aged a good deal in body but never in spirit. We knew we could not have him with us much longer, but we both looked forward to one more holiday with him, for he had the holiday spirit as much as any human being I have ever known."

"He slept in my dressing-room, and when he saw me put on golfing clothes in the morning he would never let me out of his sight until the time came to be off for play. Later, eighteen holes were a bit too much for him, so when we came to the turn he would just walk back to the car and wait. Whatever time I got back home at night he would be there to welcome me just as if he had not seen me for months, and if by chance he had gone upstairs to bed, when he heard me come in, down he would come and not go to bed again until I did. There were very few things that Peter did not understand. He had such a wonderful power of sympathy and was extraordinarily welcoming not merely to his special friends but to anyone who came to the house; a very big heart and a little gentleman. He leaves a great gap in the home, but we have a lot to thank God for to have had such a friend."

A Famous Novelist and Her Feline Friend

WINIFRED FRENCH

THE race of authors," writes Agnes Repplier, "have found in Pussy's gentle presence a balm for their sensitive souls," and there are many instances of affection for cats among literary people. Sheila Kaye-Smith, the famous English novelist, has admitted in print that she "prefers animals to people," though curiously enough she has not so far introduced domestic animals into any of her books. In her childhood she could not bear to read stories about the death or suffering of ani-

ing every effort to tempt him from his eyrie. His repentant master was hastily summoned and offered due apologies, whereupon Johnnie condescended to relent. The family car was then placed at his disposal and he drove in state to the home of his medical adviser, there to be cherished, an honored guest, until normal conditions were resumed.

In one respect John Henry is unlike the majority of cats, for he has no "nerves" and does not know the meaning of shyness. He thoroughly enjoys social occasions, and insists upon exhibiting his charms to visitors, while he appears to have an absolute passion for workmen—piano-tuners, plumbers, gas-fitters, electricians—all are equally fascinating to him, and he will follow them over the house, examining their tools and supervising their labors, even to the extent of exploring the water-cistern and the roof in their delectable society.

A Stray "Critic"

M. THACKERAY WALLER

HE came, a stray, to us at our beach domicile!

Our little daughters immediately insisted on adopting him.

He was lank and sleek, with a roving, yet critical eye, and an undoubtedly friendly air about him. He was the nondescript color of all stray Tom cats! Being marked, on the back (as my young daughter remarked) "like a mackerel."

He stayed!

He also conquered. By this method:

He was devoted to the children. When they were out, he flung himself in abandoned friendly positions around my studio. His presence gave a sense of balance to the place! He was so *very* poised, if you know what I mean! We named him after a famous dramatic critic, as his critical eye was wont to follow the writer of the family whenever she arose for quite unnecessary exercise.

From the practical standpoint, he really did not do us the least bit of good. But he did deepen our affection for all cats!

My next door neighbor, however, had been troubled by a gopher-ridden garden before his advent. Never afterwards!

When the time came to turn citywards, we had to leave him, much to our sorrow, but he was such a pet, and so useful, that it was easy for us to find him a new home.

When he came to us, we might so easily have shown him the door coldly, and I should have lost a valuable critic (I feel sure of it) and the children a chum.

Mongrel Dog a Hero

A mongrel dog in Elkhorn, Wis., will get a new blanket to lie upon and will have his name changed to "Hero," says the *Jefferson County Union*, Ft. Atkinson, Wis. He pulled the clothing off the children's beds and failing to awaken them bit the hand of the mother, Mrs. Bolton. The Boltons got out in the nick of time. The question naturally arises, "would a thoroughbred dog have done any better?" We claim that Americans are smarter for blood mixture. How about dogs?



"JOHN HENRY," PET OF SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Advertisement

PAULINE Z. BRUNT

*I can close my eyes in the dark and see
A little bear chained to an apple-tree,—
A little black bear with weary eyes,—
(A gasoline station must advertise!)*

*He had dragged his chain to its length, and
back,
Till the soft brown earth was a beaten
track.*

*There was nothing else in the world to do,
His heart was sore for the things he
knew—
The berry burns and the scented wood
In the far sweet hills of his babyhood.*

*I can close my eyes in the dark and see
A little black bear and an apple tree.*

*Annual Humane Meeting at
Niagara Falls*

Niagara Falls, N. Y., has been selected for the next annual convention of the American Humane Association, the dates being October 6-9. The Niagara Hotel will be the headquarters. Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, and other prominent men and women, have been announced to appear on the program. A large delegation is expected from Canada in addition to the regular representation from various parts of the United States.

The Pintail Duck

ESTHER E. REEKS

THE pintail is one of the larger ducks of the western states. It is easily distinguished by its slender build and by its long neck and tail. The feathers of the latter taper to a point, hence its name, pintail; or, as it is sometimes called, "sprigtail."

The pintail lives about fresh water ponds from the Arctic to Panama, and may be found as far north in winter as southern Canada. It nests on the ground and lays from five to twelve light, grayish-olive eggs at a setting.

The food of the pintail consists of seeds of water plants, crustacea, and insects which it gathers from the mud at the bottom of shallow ponds by tipping up with head down and tail up in the air. Sportsmen consider it a fine game bird, and were it not protected by law, it would doubtless soon be exterminated.



THE PINTAIL IS FOUND CHIEFLY IN THE WEST

Australia's Most Popular Bird

The Laughing Jackass

P. B. PRIOR

A USTRALIA has a great variety of birds and many of them have a plumage equal to any the world over for beauty and brilliant coloring; and this specially applies to the cockatoos and parrots which abound in large flocks in different parts of the bush. But there is no bird in Australia as popular as the Laughing Jackass—or, to give it its native name the "Kookaburra."

This wise old bird is a great laugher, and its notes are most amusing. In the early morning, just as day is beginning to break, Old Jack, as he is commonly called, breaks out into a merry peal of laughter, and his mate nearby at once answers him—or, they have a way also of both laughing together. They seem to know that as the dawn breaks it is time for the sleepy world to awaken and take up its tasks again. The same thing happens as evening approaches and it begins to get dusk, when once again the Jackass will give his well-known peal, as if to let the weary toilers know it is time for them to leave their tasks and make for home again.

One reason why Old Jack is so popular—and especially in the country—is because he is a great snake-killer. Up in some old gum tree sits the wily old bird till, all of a sudden, he espies a wriggling snake below. Down he swoops straight on to the reptile, seizing it by the back of the head in his powerful beak, and with one giant snap he breaks its back. Then he does a strange thing. Taking the snake in his beak he rises up with it into the air for some yards, flies down with it again and bangs its head on a rock or stone. This he does quite a few times, until finally he takes it back to the tree-top, where his mate joins him and they make a hearty meal from it. He not only kills snakes, but many rodents, such as rats, mice, etc., all of which he eats with a relish. Farmers are particularly fond of Old Jack because he keeps their places free from destructive pests, and on most farms and cattle stations (ranches) they keep a jackass as a pet; often from three to half a dozen of them, for they make unique pets for the children. They will perch on a child's shoulder or head, feed out of his hand, and go about with him much as a dog will. To kill a jackass in Australia is counted almost as a crime, and it is only those who have no sense or feeling who would even dream of doing so, as his good qualities make him



AUSTRALIAN LAUGHING JACKASS

the popular bird that he is.

In coloring he is prettily marked. Most of his head, neck and breast feathers are white, intermingled here and there with a bluish-gray; while his back and tail feathers are light chocolate, as are those around the eyes, but these particular feathers are freely sprinkled with those of a purple plumage, which makes his back and tail particularly gorgeous.

Not only is Old Jack popular in Australia, but so world-wide has his merry laugh become that he has been broadcast in nearly every part of the globe, and as far away from Australia as the London Zoo he may be seen and admired by the many visitors who go there.

Noisy Frogs Silenced Humanely

CARROLL VAN COURT

AT the Hotel Huntington, in Pasadena, one of California's beautiful resorts, the frogs in their big gardens were keeping the guests awake at night, with the noise they made croaking for hours at a time.

Now, a bullet or a trained duck will silence a frog in short time, but the manager of the hotel, Mr. S. W. Royce, found a better way to end the sleepless nights of his guests. In doing a little research work in books, about the life and habits of the frog, Mr. Royce discovered that frogs like darkness to put on their vocal concerts, when serenading their lady loves.

So, Mr. Royce installed some searchlights around the huge gardens in strategic places, near the frog ponds, and in the pond lilies. The result was, the frogs lost their enthusiasm for night singing, but kept their skins, and incidentally their lives, which we think a good thing, as they are interesting little fellows, and good for gardens. Also, the guests of the hotel were able to sleep, thereafter.

Since frogs seldom, if ever, sing in the light, it looks as if the little croakers will have to win the admiration of their sweethearts by some fancy swimming or some high and lofty tumbling, as they turn through the air in their agile leaps. As to what they think of the hotel manager for interfering with their grand opera, no one knows. They probably hope he croaks!

Do Animals Die of Fright?

L. E. EUBANKS

AMONG hunters it has long been a favorite subject of discussion as to what causes death when a bird drops without being struck—the bullet having barely missed the head.

Two instances come to my mind: a blue-jay and an American eagle. In both cases there was a single drop of blood on the beak, but no sign of a wound. There is a physiological explanation, but may not fright, too, be involved?

An acquaintance has told me that he once became so angry at a gun-shy hunting dog that he tied the animal and took a position some distance away to shoot him. The dog watched preparations, whining as though he understood, and drooped, seemingly dead, at the gun's report.

Examination failed to disclose any wound, and suddenly the dog scrambled to his feet, unhurt. Literally, he had fainted. The bullet, when found in a tree-trunk, was too far out of line for concussion to explain the animal's collapse; so what could it have been but fright?

A woman who left a cat in the house with a canary found the bird dead when she returned—but untouched! The cage had been knocked from its stand to the floor and showed ample evidence of the cat's abuse. But the cage was strong and so made that puss could not even get a paw inside. Nevertheless, the bird was dead.

Failure to appreciate the susceptibility of animals to fright causes much suffering for pets of all kinds. I once knew a man who was so very cruel that he enjoyed forcing his horse to stand and be tortured by band music. Was it the irony of Fate that he was finally killed in a runaway?

The relation of a person to an animal pet of any kind should be one of mutual benefit. The man is, or should be, making the animal's life a happier one by his kindness; and the very dependence of the pet upon him should help to develop fine traits of character in the man.

Admittedly, animals are not to be compared with children as objects of love; yet, is not the responsibility in the two cases very similar? Dependence, at least, that of a little child or of a captive animal, elicits pity; and pity is akin to love. No character can be truly fine without love and kindness.

Flying Squirrels I Have Met

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

I FIRST met the flying squirrel when I was twelve years of age, my brother and I finding a family which lived in a hollow tree. Though we never before had seen the little animals, we were sure they were flying squirrels, for did they not scamper up the trees in true squirrel fashion, and did they not "fly" to others a rod or more distant? We watched the animals for a long time, tried to catch some of them, found them quicker and better climbers than we, and finally left for home well satisfied with the little circus we had seen.

It was fully twenty years before I met another family of flying squirrels. The day I met the squirrels they were having a hard time. Two boys had frightened them from their nest and were shooting at them. The squirrels ran up the near-by trees, sailed to others; dodged and hid; while the boys wasted a lot of ammunition without injuring a squirrel. Disgusted with their luck or poor marksmanship, or exhausting their supply of shells, the boys finally left—and the squirrels returned to the soft bed from which they had been so rudely shaken.

My next experience with flying squirrels was one of the most satisfactory I have had. I sat one summer evening, near the edge of the grove, when I discovered a half-dozen of them flying quite near me. No doubt, they were all members of one family. The little animals ran up the trees, sailed to others, ran up them in turn, chased one another and seemed to be having a wonderful time. Flying squirrels are very playful, running up trees, sailing and chasing one another for hours at a time. As it was early evening, these squirrels were just out of bed and were especially playful, and so taken up with their game were they, that they paid no attention to me. I soon noticed that they sailed to some trees more often than to others. One would glide to a favorite tree, only to be followed by another and another. Placing myself directly in front of a tree to which they often flew, I waited and soon found a squirrel gliding straight for me. On he came like a soft, furry projectile. When near me, he tilted his body upward, sailed over my head, and alighted on the tree back of me. Finally, I

stuck my hand out and managed to stop one, which dropped lightly to the ground at my feet, ran past me and hurried up the tree, from which it flew on to another.

The flying squirrel is more abundant than many of us realize. During the spring and summer months, I rap on all the hollow trees I find, hoping to discover the nests of woodpeckers. If a hole contains a nest with young birds in it, the youngsters at once begin screeching, thinking the noise made by a parent. Later in the season, I rap on all hollow trees for another purpose, that of discovering flying squirrels. And I find many. When they hear the noise, they stick their heads out through the entrance holes, look at me and then either run up the tree a few feet or return to their nests. If they run up the trees, they soon stop and watch me with the prettiest and widest of large, dreamy eyes. After resting a moment, they turn and return to their nests.

One dark, stormy winter night, I was sitting with my back toward a south window, reading the evening paper. All was quiet, for the children were in bed. Suddenly, something alighted on the window screen with a thud that caused me to glance that way. There clung a flying squirrel, its white underparts glistening in the light. A moment later, it ran up the screen a few inches, then launched back into the darkness.

On two occasions, flying squirrels have raised their young in a tree near the barn. This old oak is also prized by the red-headed woodpeckers. Some years they nest in it and some not. But whether they nest there or not, they visit it regularly. When the hole holds flying squirrels, the woodpeckers often receive surprises which send them hurrying off. The squirrels dart from the hole looking very angry, and no doubt would both bite and scratch if given half a chance. But the woodpeckers always hurry off when a squirrel darts out. They are not prepared to cope with such a saucy little Jack-in-the-box.

Last summer, as usual, we had a flying squirrel neighbor, one living in an oak in the grove. The hole was but eight feet from the ground, and I decided to try to photograph the animal. I had long wondered how I might secure a picture of a flying squirrel. Here was my opportunity. I set the camera, focusing it sharply on the hole before rapping on the tree. Each time I rapped the squirrel came forth, sometimes watching me from the entrance hole, at others from a crotch two feet farther up. And, of course, each time it did come forth, I secured a coveted picture.

Three Berlin university students were saved from death through the trained instinct of a St. Bernard dog, according to recent reports from the Riesengebirge, near Spindlermuhle, Germany. The students were unable to extract themselves from a patch of soft snow, and soon all three lost consciousness. Meanwhile in the Renner hut the dog restlessly scratched at the door and refused to be quiet. Finally he was released, and guides followed his trail across the snow which led straight to the three youths. —San Diego (Calif.) Tribune



MY FLYING SQUIRREL NEIGHBOR—"EACH TIME IT CAME FORTH I SECURED A COVETED PICTURE"

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, a supply of special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One thousand, three hundred and ten new Bands of Mercy were reported during March, nearly all being in schools. Of these 663 were in the District of Columbia, 153 in Massachusetts, 142 in Rhode Island, 137 in Texas, 76 in Pennsylvania, 67 in Georgia, 49 in Virginia, seven in Newfoundland, six in Syria, two in New York, and one each in California, Canada, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Maine, Ohio and Oklahoma.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 176,883

Faithful Beyond Death

BROWNIE SAMPSELL

ON a bitterly cold day late in January of this year, Randall K. Brown of Front Royal, Virginia, accompanied by his dog, set out to visit a sick neighbor several miles distant.

A raging blizzard descended upon this smiling valley in northern Virginia, and when the man did not return within a reasonable time a rescue party was sent out.

In a wind-swept lane they found his frozen body, protected by his big dog who barked feebly at the rescuers. The dog had dragged the body towards the man's home, and had struggled so intensely that the man's clothes were torn almost into shreds. Just six hundred yards farther shone the welcoming lights of home, where warmth, food and shelter awaited the dog.

How easy it would have been to run away! No one would have blamed a dog, or asked him embarrassing questions. But this animal was no deserter. Though the storm lashed his body cruelly, and death separated him from his companion, he made a superb effort to take home the earthly remains of his beloved master.



Courtesy of *The Ayrshire Digest*

WM. CLARK, FRANKLIN, INDIANA, AND HIS FIRST PRIZE TWO-YEAR-OLD AYRSHIRE, INDIANA STATE FAIR

"Birdville and Its Mayor"

LAWRENCE W. PRAKKEN



THE "MAYOR" OF BIRDVILLE IN HIS DOORWAY SPLITTING SPOOLS

BUS after bus drove up before a modest little white frame house on a shady side street in Lawrence, Kansas, and deposited its load of school children one day not long ago. On the lawn stood Frank L. Hunt, mayor of "Birdville," who was happily welcoming them to the community. The children eagerly gathered around the kindly-featured, white-haired man as he took them through the town. Although piano tuning and not "mayorizing" is Mr. Hunt's regular occupation, he took the day off to escort the school children of Lawrence through the village which he has established.

Birdville consists practically of the whole Hunt premises. Yard and trees are filled by the little community which Mr. Hunt has gradually developed until it overflows into some of the neighbors' yards. In one corner of the green yard is a delightful bird-bath where any citizen may have a free plunge. Nearby is the "supply house." The first two stories of the little building have rooms which the mayor keeps filled with feathers, scraps of cord, binding twine, and cotton. The top room contains beef suet and scraps from the table. However, the real food supply is found in the "free cafeteria." There are three stories of delicacies in the cafeteria which may be had by any member of the community for the taking. In another part of the yard is the "wren chapel" which is in the image of the country church with its tall steeple and belfry.

The kindly-faced mayor always has to wait a considerable while for his party of young visitors to inspect the "Green Mound bird refuge." It consists of a platform raised about a foot off the ground upon which brush and poles have been bound together in the shape of a wigwam, twelve feet high. Vines climb over the pile and cypress seed has been planted around and through it. Catbirds, brown thrashers, and cardinals use the mound for a nesting-place and the spot is a rendezvous for all feathered friends.

The mayor has placed martin houses, wren cabins, and bluebird homes at attrac-

tive spots around the yard. They are invariably filled with tenants each season. The bird "homes," as Mr. Hunt calls them, are uniquely designed. Most of them are veneered with split spools. Bluebird houses are constructed after the pattern of the old-time "William Henry Harrison log cabins." Wren houses are built with a hinged roof so that one may peep in during nesting season and see the mother wren on her eggs. The wrens have become accustomed to this apparent invasion of their privacy and do not mind the visit.

In order to protect the citizens of Birdville from their usual enemies, Mayor Hunt has made use of a "Cat—Look out!" and a sparrow trap. In the former the cat is trapped, the mayor gives it a cold shower bath, and it is released. Mr. Hunt says that cats rarely return. Sparrows have become wary of the town of Birdville and are seldom seen in its environs.

It was less than ten years ago that the cheery little white-haired piano tuner started his community, which is visited by hundreds of tourists and school children every year. The germ of the notion was born in Mr. Hunt's head when he was a small boy. His father made a martin house and set it up on a pole in the backyard. It fascinated the lad to see the birds soar above the house and chatter on the ridgepole. He resolved that some day he would make birdhouses.

His first wren house, which was made from old piano keys, was occupied an hour after he put it up outside the kitchen window. Today bad weather and long evenings find him in his little workshop clad in a carpenter's apron and surrounded by birdhouses of every design. The mayor of Birdville is the happiest, however, when the buses stop before his home and he has an opportunity to act as a guide to the community to a group of eager and happy children.

There is no person quite so insistent on his rights as he who has acquired the habit of receiving something for nothing.

FRANCIS TOYE

CHILDREN'S PAGE



An Earnest Band of Mercy Worker

THIS little girl, Nellie Rooker of Escondido, California, but twelve years old, has shown her great love for animals by organizing a Band of Mercy of 45 members. They meet at her home every Saturday afternoon. Despite her handicap of suffering from infantile paralysis since she was five, Nellie is constantly teaching the boys and girls of her neighborhood how to care for and protect animals. Her dog, "Lady," shown in the picture, is always with her.

The Friendly Trout

IN an isolated part of Forfarshire, Scotland, there lives a small boy who has made friends with some fishes because he has no children to play with.

A lady visiting the hotel kept by Tommy's father found the small boy sitting on the bank of a stream with two trout in his hands. Tommy said that they were named "Sandy" and "Jimmy," and that he was looking for the third, "Peter."

The visitor was extremely astonished, but Tommy's mother added that he fed the trout every day, and that they knew their names and came to him when he called them.

Just then he exclaimed: "There's Peter!" and a third fine trout came swimming rapidly towards him and landed with a beautiful somersault into the waiting hands.

Tommy stroked him gently and then put him back into the water and began to feed all three fishes with bits of bread, which he said was their dinner. He simply loved them all, and they seemed to return his affection.

It seems a surprising story, but the *Children's Newspaper*, over in England, says it is true.

Another School Dog

Lying plump and happy on the floor of one of the class-rooms in a school in Washington, D. C., is "Bozo," a mongrel dog. Awhile ago he was lost and taken to the pound, only to be rescued by the children of this school who raised the money for his license and then promptly adopted him. "Mr. Cherry," once a sick robin, was rescued and healed by a teacher in the same school, and now returns each spring and pays a visit to the class-room which once was his hospital.

Wood Folk

ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN

THE little furred people that live in the Wood
Are friendly, so friendly, if you are real good.
If you sit near a tree-trunk as still as a stone
And ever so quietly, being alone,

Make never a motion, make never a sound,
But sit there as still as a root on the ground,—
Then, don't be surprised, if at last you should see
A rabbit hop by, or a squirrel in a tree,

Or even a woodmouse, that timid small man
Who slips through the grass just as fast as he can!
Yes, little furred people that live in the Wood
Are friendly, so friendly, if you are real good!

"Billy"—An Unusual Pet

PERCY B. PRIOR

HE was only a little black pig, with floppy ears and the cutest little tail you ever saw, but, to quote my little daughter, he was a "sweet thing."

Billy was the tiniest pig in a litter of eleven, and just about the size of a rat. He was too weak to look after himself; and when, on his third day in this world, we found him nearly dead from want of nourishment, I decided to take him to the house to see what I could do with him.

He was too weak to drink, but by pouring drops of warm milk down his throat I gradually brought him round, and in just a few hours he was ready for his first proper drink, which he had out of a saucer. After that we had no trouble with him; he was always ready for his meals, and between eating and sleeping he grew enormously. I had a little trough made for him, and he became a great pet.

Pigs do not, as a rule, get the credit of having much intelligence or capacity for affection, but I am sure Billy understood all I said to him. He was far more obedient than our little terrier, and if I sat on the bottom step (and pretended not to see) he would even creep onto my lap and promptly go to sleep. When we went for walks he would always trot along behind, and would not tire no matter how far we went.



A PEACE CONFERENCE

The Case Against Magic Arts

(Continued from page 68)

the magician releases his left hand, the cage, which is on a strong elastic, flashes up his sleeve—and the canary gets killed, or at least so badly squashed on the rods when they fold up, that he isn't good for much but the cat after that."

In justice to hundreds of my fellow performers I wish to state that a great many magicians have always refrained, out of humane principles, from using live animals on the stage. Those who use live animals merely to achieve a sensational effect, regardless of the cruelty involved, should be quickly and emphatically curbed.

But the chief difficulty here lies in the fact that this inhuman brutality is hardly evident to a disinterested person. When a junk dealer on the street beats his horse with a club, even the most casual spectator resents the barbaric impulse displayed. But when a magician on the vaudeville stage pulls a live rabbit out of his pocket, or causes a live bird to disappear, the audience is merely conscious of being amused and entertained, without realizing that a poor dumb animal is being tortured, maimed, or killed. The exhibition is especially ironic when performed at a Chautauqua under the auspices of a staunch Christian organization.

Therefore, let me assert again that when any live animal is being used in a magic act there is certain to be some element of cruelty in it. It is caused to disappear, and crushed pitifully in the process; or else it is caused to appear out of some smothering compartment in which it has been previously confined. And whenever such a performance is presented it is the conscientious duty of every local humane organization to approach the management with a view to conducting a thorough investigation.

Pain is Pain

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

My friend writes hotly: "What do you think—

Our dear little darling 'Tiddleywink'
Got caught in the woodchuck trap last night!

He was nearly dead from pain and fright!
He's cuddled, purring, in my lap.
John has gone back to set the trap.
He'll get that old 'chuck soon, I think;
Till then it's 'in' for Tiddleywink!"

Oh, the dear, kind eyes that yet remain
Blind to the truth that PAIN IS PAIN!

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

More Honored Than Kings

CLARENCE ORVEL BAKER

ON February 14, 1930, "Trixie," the middle-aged fox terrier in the picture, became an honor citizen of Denver, Colorado. She is the pet of Mr. John Harrington, the



Photo from *Denver Post*

DENVER CENTENARIAN AND HIS PET

kind old man, also in the picture. Mr. Harrington insists that "she is the smartest dog in the world."

Mr. Harrington was 108 years old on the above date and as he is Denver's oldest citizen, and for that reason a celebrity, some of his friends gathered to rejoice with him over his longevity. Before this event, Trixie had neither collar nor license. Her master's friends presented these articles to him, for his dog, as a birthday gift for himself. Later Mr. Reuben W. Hirshey, Manager of Safety, announced that Denver was bestowing on a dog an honor formerly reserved for kings, prime ministers, presidents of the United States and other potentates, with this difference, that these guests received the keys to the city only for the duration of their visit, while Trixie has them for life.

Lest We Forget

Again we wish to remind our readers of the needs of the Home of Rest for Horses at Methuen, with its opportunity of fresh pasture for tired city horses needing a vacation. Many a poor man's horse could not have enjoyed two weeks' rest at this delightful farm, operated by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., had it not been for the generosity of some kind-hearted person who contributed to the cause. Remember that only seven dollars will pay for a two weeks' outing for some horse whose owner is unable to give him a vacation.

Little Woodland God

I think that surely there's a god
For little, hunted things;
A god whose eyes watch tenderly
The droop of dying wings.

A little woodland god, who sits
Beneath a forest tree,
With baby rabbits in his arms,
And squirrels on his knee.

And when a hunter bravely shoots
A deer with dreaming eyes,
I think that little god is there
To love it, when it dies.

But all the hungry orphan things
Who weakly call and call—
For mothers who can never come,
He loves the best of all.

He tells the breeze to softly blow,
He tells the leaves to fall;
He covers little, frightened things
When they have ceased to call.

I think his pensive, pan-like face
Is often wet with tears;
And that his little back is bent
From all the weary years.

Prize poem by JULIA VAN DER VEER, in *Troubadour*

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100.00	Associate Annual	\$5.00
Associate Life	50.00	Branch	1.00
Active Annual	10.00	Children's	

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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